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ORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

OWEN SEAMAN

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In Cap and Bells

Fifth Edition.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

"Here is no shouting, no banging of the bauble. The form of phrase, the inflexion of voice, the dancing light of humour, make up the motley which is the true jester's "only wear"; and under his flashes of merriment is a sober, sound philosophy. This, after all, is the only kind of humour that lasts . . . it is easy to appreciate, difficult to acquire; and Mr. Owen Seaman, having acquired it with all the felicity of good humour and art, stands practically alone among the humourists of the hour. . . . His technical quality seems to strengthen with every new volume."

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SMITH, ELDER & CO., London.

Horace at Cambridge

By the same Author.

THE BATTLE OF THE BAYS. Fcap.
8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [Fourth Edition.

IN CAP AND BELLS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
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Horace at Cambridge

BY

OWEN SEAMAN

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JOHN LANE
LONDON AND NEW YORK

1902

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1902

New and Revised Edition

Printed by
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Devonshire Street, London, W.C.

TO
THE NAMESAKE OF MY TITLE

MY DEAR FRIEND

Horace C. Monro

OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

IN MEMORY OF OLD DAYS AT CLARE



PREFACE

It will be seen that I do not pretend in these verses to offer any close parallel to the Latin; in many cases some sort of analogy is to be traced throughout an ode; here and there I have done little beyond following the motive suggested by an opening line.

With one or two exceptions these imitations of Horace are drawn from Cambridge scenes or associations; so too with the other verses that complete this small volume. I hope that I shall not offend the intelligence of either present or past members of the University if I think it necessary to give an occasional footnote for the enlightenment of those remotely

future generations to whom I look for the exhaustion of this edition.

I have to thank the courtesy of the Editor of the *Granta* for leave to publish all that is here presented.

To the above extract from the Preface to the first Edition, printed in 1895, I will ask leave to add a few remarks. In preparing this revised Edition I have eliminated several stanzas and one entire poem; I have also tried to emend the more obvious errors of style or judgment. For the many faults that remain I cannot plead extreme youth, seeing that these verses were written more than ten years after I had taken my degree, and not, as some have kindly assumed, during my pupillary state.

The present Edition includes one poem ("Quis pro Domina?") that has not hitherto been republished. It appeared in *Cornhill*, in June, 1897; and I must thank Messrs. Smith, Elder for their goodness in permitting me to reproduce it here.

O. S.

1901.



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HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

I

OF THE PERFECT UNDERGRADUATE

INTEGRO VITAE

THE man that never told a lie
Or cut a College Chapel,
That lives within his Tutor's eye
And is, in fact, its apple ;

Whether by fabled heights of Gog
Or Granta's mazy winding
Upon his customary jog
He goes serenely grinding ;—

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

I

OF THE PERFECT UNDERGRADUATE

INTEGER VITAE

THE man that never told a lie
Or cut a College Chapel,
That lives within his Tutor's eye
And is, in fact, its apple ;

Whether by fabled heights of Gog
Or Granta's mazy winding
Upon his customary jog
He goes serenely grinding ;—

Horace at Cambridge

He little needs (so few his fears,
So equable his liver)
To join the Arquebusiliers
Or even read *The Quiver*.

For once he chanced to meet a mad
Bull-pup—its legs were bandy ;
It scooted from him though he had
No gun or weapon handy.

Nor ever monster like to this
Was versed in sporting matters,
Or issued forth from Callaby's
To romp among the ratters ;

And yet it fled with loud alarm,
While he in meditation
Pursued his thoughts upon the charm
Of Conic Osculation.

Place him on Ocean's sandy dunes,
Or bunkers of Sahara,
Or where the air is thick with tunes
By Kellie and De Lara ;

Plunge him in any haunt of sin—
Roulette or water polo ;
Propriety doth hedge him in,
He simply whispers—*Nolo*.

The button-hole, the tandem-team,
He counts alike as folly ;
Polygonometry's his theme,
I think he calls it "Polly."

Her angular and winning ways
He hymns like any suitor ;
And one of these fine open days
Intends to be a Tutor.

OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE RIVER

PASTOR CUM TRAHERET PER FRETA NAVIBUS

WHERE Boating Captains on their beat
Go shepherding the tortuous fleet
Of tubs along the river's reedy hollows,
I marked the Genius who addressed
A Freshman with a beefy chest ;
The views of Camus were expressed
Somewhat as follows.

"It first behoves you to undo
Of all your buttons just the two
Topmost, and chance the weather being breezy ;
Then, swinging stiffly from the hip,
Cause your prehensile heels to grip
The stretcher ; at the signal, nip—
Great Heavens ! Easy !

Where were we? Yes. There is a rule
 Whereby the oarsman, though a fool,
 May guarantee the boat against inversion ;
 Observe your blade ; the thing is bent
 Obliquely to the element ;
 Square it at once, and so prevent
 Needless immersion.

Again ; deposit, if you please,
 Your stomach well between your knees,
 Aim broadly at the bottom of the vessel ;
 Swing early, often, long and late ;
 This is the doctrine, past debate,
 With which the most invertebrate
 Fresher must wrestle.

Reck nothing though the process pain
 Your blistered hide and make you fain
 To be a scaly merman with a sea-tail ;

A time may yet arrive when you
Will be as hardened as a Blue,
And have a soul superior to
Matters of detail.

That future waits you far and dim,
And in the awful interim
You have to pass a pretty hot probation ;
'Much is to learn, much to forget,'
And now and then you'll feel regret,
And never, never, fail to sweat
With perspiration.

Full often, rowing like an ox,
On you the curses of your cox,
Falling like blasts of some Tyrrhenian trumpet,
Will rend the horror-stricken air
With language fit to curl the hair
That clusters nicely round the fair
Crest of your crumpet.

Then will you at your rigid thwart
 Restrain the apposite retort,
 And like the parrot merely *think* profanely,
 The while your heavy head you wag,
 Panting as pants the hunted stag,
 And wear your 'Pontius' to a rag,
 Sliding inanely.

Perchance you will mislay your oar,
 When quickening to forty-four,
 And learn a little jargon from your skipper ;
 Or get an unexpected spank
 Straight in the centre of your flank
 From some inordinately rank
 Holiday-tripper.

Eventually you will land
 Triumphant after trials, and
 Talk frankly like a father from the saddle ;

You have the makings of a tar,
And should, with fortune, travel far;
Meanwhile you might get forward. Are
You ready? Paddle!"

OF CHANGING SEASONS

DIFFUGERE NIVES

WINTER is gone with snow and rime
 (My statement may be previous,
The tricks of this our so-called clime
 Being obscurely devious);
And now the buds are coming out,
 And birds begin their flutings,
And freshmen freely look about
 To pick their vernal suitings.

Winter is gone (I've mentioned that),
 And crocuses are yellow ;
The grassy plot invites the cat
 And eke the College Fellow ;

And now the annual relay
Of Dowagers and Graces
Is tripping lightly on its way
To view the Lenten races.

And now, to pass to platitudes,
I put it to the printer
That Spring's a season which obtrudes
Upon the heels of Winter ;
That Summer does the same to Spring,
And similarly Autumn ;
For so the early poets sing
(Lord only knows who taught 'em).

The Seasons' linkéd dance of joy
No earthly hand may sever,
But *we*, when we go down, my boy,
Why, we go down for ever ;
For save we join the Blessed Dons
By process of translation,

We must abide by Mr. Swan's*
Or Bulstrode's* valuation.

It boots us nothing, Vere de Vere,
Whether our race's founder
Had all the makings of a Peer,
Or played the common bounder ;
It matters not, my noble Sir,
When once our doom is dated,
Whether we kept the rules, or were
Invariably gated.

Your taste for bloods, your pretty sense
Of humour Transatlantic,
Your pensive air, your eloquence
That drove the Union frantic,
Avail you not; another's name
Will soon adorn your portal ;
All passes but the constant flame
Of Dons—and they're immortal.

* Official valuer of college furniture and other relics.

Time marks our passage on the way
To Charon's bulging wherry ;
Not Wordsworth could arrange to stay,
Nor even Muttlebury ;
And yet the former's rustic muse
Was ripe for *We are Seven* ;
The latter, if they're short of Blues,
Is bound to go to Heaven.

OF PINDAR AND OTHER SPORTING TOUTS

PINDARUM QUISQUIS STUDET AEMULARI

Whoso would match the unsurpassed
 Flight of the Sporting Prophet's brain
 Might just as well attempt the vast
 Inane.

Bounding along as torrents bound,
 A babe with nobody to mind him,
 At any match on any ground
 You find him.

A horoscope in either eye,
 He'll fix your dial to a minute;
 Ezekiel and Malachi
 Aren't in it.

A month ago he stoutly swore
Our chances were but sickly queer
With what he called the "leather" or
The "sphere."

And now he drinks the bitter cup
Because appearances deceive,
And people may have something up
Their sleeve.*

Nevertheless beside the boats
Presumably upon the scent
The "chiel's" at Putney "takin' notes"
To "prent."

As harmless as a patent bomb
Or bantam egg that's freshly laid,
He barely knows the handle from
The blade.

* The Oxford Association team of 1894, strong favourites, were defeated by three goals to one.

Instead of urging us to bid
The odds upon the Oxford eight,
He'd better do as Pindar did
And wait ;

Though even Pindar felt the germ
Of literary competition,
And hustled for the Early Worm
Edition ;

Starting a bit before to ring
The usual ancestral chime,
And that was how he scanned the thing
In time.

For me, I pray that on the day
We hold our own by flood and field,*
When the cerulean array
Is peeled.

* Written before the Sports and Boat Race of 1894.

To that effect it's not amiss

To set my humble quill to squeak,
And pledge our luck from now to this
Day week.

I have a port, exceeding good,

As drunk by Benchers at the Bar,
And long in wood when Consols stood
At par ;

Therewith empurpled I shall call

In strident tones upon the crew,
Straining my baritone till all
Is blue.

And, should we win, I'll do my best,

If still my throat is *audiendum*,
To sound a bumper ode—*Nunc est*
Bibendum !

Others may occupy a stand
Or take their déjeuner at large
Upon the cheerful four-in-hand
Or barge ;

I choose the many-peopled bank,
With that most charming of abortions,
Dog of the crescent legs and lank
Proportions ;

There, little dachshund, you shall strike
Beholders with your black and tan,
Sporting the Cambridge colours like
A man.

OF SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS

BACCHUM IN REMOTIS CARMINA RUPIBUS

VIDI DOCENTEM

I saw old Dubbins—it's the solemn verity—

 In some obscure provincial town (the fact
Will pass for racy fiction with posterity)

 Intoning with considerable tact,
And not the faintest sign of insincerity,
 The service for the day; the pews were
 packed

With pious nymphs that hung upon his motions
Under pretence of doing their devotions.

My mind recalled the last occasion when
 Those fluty tones had fallen on my ears;
Supported by a brace of boating men
 Dubbins had risen (incoherent cheers),

And starting by request with "Do ye ken?"

Tailed off into "The British Grenadiers."

I feel at times a kind of moral twist

In looking through the ordination list!

There is a period in woman's growth

Which I will designate the Curate Age;

It falls between—and has a touch of both—

The Military Era and the Stage;

Then with the tightest-laced (and nothing loth)

The blooming young divine becomes the
rage;

Their adulation takes the form of mittens

Or carpet-slippers or superfluous kittens.

But whither, Muses, are ye footling on?

We must return to trace our wandering
sheep,

Lest the connexion of the tale be gone

As happened with the truants of Bo-Peep,

Or as the mild meandering of a Don

Will lap a lecture-room in balmy sleep.

I don't know any medium that's neater

For circulating gas than Byron's metre.

So to return to Dubbins, as we knew him,

Then when the casual oat was being sown ;

He didn't care what Plautus calls a *duim**

For all the annotations of Perowne ;

So open-minded that they trickled through him,

So open-handed too that I have known

The double-headed bull-dog passing by

Irregularly wink the other eye.

He never rowed, because his skin was porous

And sensitive in parts to any scar ;

His voice was fairly useful in a chorus ;

His wit was dry and suited to the bar ;

* Archaic form of *dem.*

Reckless at Pool he shed his lives before us,
And seldom missed his due, the hero's star ;
In battle he was good to break a head ;
In peace he wore his toga to a thread.

I take it, there's a difference between
This picture, see, and that—you know the
phrase ?
Think what he is, I say, and what he's been ;
(Excuse my mixing one of Kipling's lays
With Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the
Queen ;)
I never knew in all my palmy days
A nicer connoisseur of flowing bowls ;
And now—he's got a sinecure of souls !

OF A TUTORIAL NIGHT-OFF

SEPTIMI GADES ADITURE MECUM

My fellow-Fellow, have you noted
 How Cantabridge that scorns our yoke
 Has very pleasantly promoted
 A kind of joke ?
 It seems the road from here to Hades
 Is opened up, and now we are
 To have, like manumitted ladies,
 Our *wanderjahr* !

Septimius, if we were single,
 With liberty to join the dance,
 How both the ears of us would tingle
 At such a chance !

Alack ! the thing is not a question

Of *trium liberorum jus* ;

And so this excellent suggestion

Won't do for us.

But stay ! we two at least might run to

A *wandernacht* upon the jaunt ;

For choice of ground I know of none to

Surpass the haunt

Where once we worshipped Nelly Farren,

And Leslie made the midriff ache,

When life not yet was wholly barren

Of ale and cake.

Or say the Empire ? I've enjoyed the

Empire as much as any place ;

Only, dear fellow, we'll avoid the

Eve of the Race !

For then, like legions of Sennacherib,
 The Undergraduate swarms about,
Bursting to play the game and crack a rib
 With Chuckers-out.

And we will crown our modest buster
 At one of those pro-Bacchus shrines
Frequent as purple grapes that cluster
 Upon the vines ;
The Cri', my boy, where men may batten
 On mint as green as Erin's isle,
Or cocktails that should make Manhattan
 Forget to smile.

Bright sanctuary ! where the traffic
 Of six converging ways collides,
And the police, aloof, seraphic,
 Survey its tides ;

Where young Apollo off a mountain
New-lit and naked as the day
Adorns my Lord of Shaftesbury's fountain,
Which blocks the way.

In such a scene, more sweet than honey
Even Hymettically sealed,
We'll fume the best cigar that money
Can hope to yield ;
"The mild Havannah !" (as they do in
Old Calverley's immortal line),
And weep into its ash the ruin
Of days lang syne !

VII

OF RIVERSIDE CHARGERS

ILLE ET NEFASTO TE POSUIT DIE

UPON a god-forsaken day,
Black-lettered, fever-smitten,
The jobber marked you with his brand
To be the butt of Barnwell and
The mockery of Ditton ;

Hack of the W. S. H.,*
My Warranted Sound Hunter,
Whose state is feebly comatose,
Whose sense of humour—Heaven knows
It couldn't well be blunter.

* Cabalistic sign of the riverside stable for coaches' horses—"3s. 6d. per W(eek) S(ent) H(ome)."

That man, I say, had little heart
Or else a callous liver,
Who in your beauty's aftermath
Consigned you to the towing-path,
Your rider to the river.

Fate's irony so long has been
A mark for observation,
That three examples here will do—
I might have managed it with two—
By way of illustration.

Safe home from hacking nigger-men
That never had a rag on,
His foot the gallant soldier sets
Upon his native soil, and gets
Run over by a waggon.

Your Anarchist who fears the Force
(No other fears afflict him)

Quite inadvertently is blown
To bits, and figures as his own
One solitary victim.

The hardy missioner who makes
A point of being chary
Of brutal Anthropophagi
Is ultimately eaten by
A common cassowary.

He only never dies that has
A Life Insurance ticket :
It is, as history avers,
The unexpected that occurs
(The same applies to cricket).

To take my case :—when you, my steed,
(I sat you like a feather)
Through utter lassitude of mind
Mistook the purpose of the “grind,”
And down we went together ;

How nearly then—had not the stream

 Been singularly scanty—

You came to visiting the Styx,

And trying on your fancy tricks

 Along with Rosinante,

Or those primeval quadrupeds,

 New-roused from realms of Morpheus,

The famous prehistoric breed,

Enchanted by a second Reed,*

 A later quill than Orpheus' !

How nearly I myself had joined

 The ranks of shady *reges*

Who used to patronise the Row

(I mean Bellerophon and Co.)

 In Argos “apt at gee-gees” !

How nearly heard them pulverise

 In pious Greek *Te Deums*

* E. T. R., of *Punch*.

The digging-man that comes from King's,
Unearthing all their earthen things,
And stuffs 'em in Museums ! *

* With apologies and hearty congratulations to my honoured friend Dr. Waldstein, back at this time from fresh finds in Argive fields.

VIII

OF COUNSEL TO COXSWAINS

RECTIUS VIVES LICINI NEQUE ALTUM
SEMPER URGENDO

ONE's better course is, as a rule,
To take the golden mean for motto ;
Therefore, my cherished coxswain, you'll
Try not to

Call like a penny steamer at
Each shore with stolid iteration,
Rousing antiphonies of flat
Damnation ;

Nor yet conversely sin a sin
Dull as the after-dinner riddle,
And cleave the current fairly in
The middle.

Far sooner would I have you seek
Barely to graze the bank at Grassy,
As when a golfer with his cleek
Or brassy,

Taking a deal of pains about
His attitude, and saying "This is
A rather pretty thing," lets out
And misses.

Follow not up the zigzag foe,
As coursing hounds that hunt the rabbit ;
Speaking from memory I know
No habit

More purely fatuous. I contend,
(And so would any crossing-sweeper)
The shorter route is in the end
The cheaper.

Adopt the happy medium

(Compare the *Sludge* of Robert Browning) ;

Don't tell your men their time has come

For drowning ;

Nor do the other thing and let

Their feather up too high ; it knocks your
Best crew to pieces when they get

Too cocksure.

Remember there are things that sear

The soul with sore internal smarting ;
E.g. to cross your steering-gear

At starting ;

Or imitate the helmsman who,

Stop-watch in hand, acutely reckoned
The pealing of the cannon to
A second ;

Then dropped it, and himself was shied
Over the rudder like a rocket,
Having secured the bung inside
His pocket.

Preserve your priceless head, of all
Your other parts the real chef d'œuvre ;
Neglect of this original
Manœuvre

Ruined our late king, Charles the First ;
Accordingly through floods and blizzards
Keep it, and bid your fellows burst
Their gizzards

Round serried Ditton's sinuous bay,
Till up the Reach with dancing riggers
They feel the wash and pound away
Like niggers ;

Then, even as the crafty cub

Closes upon his evening mutton,

Swiftly apply your indiarub-

ber button.

IX

OF A REFORMED SPORTSMAN

LYDIA DIC PER OMNES

O TUTOR, tell me why it is that thou,
From purely paltry motives of exam.,
Art eager thus to suffocate with cram
Juggins, that like a patient ox, through all
These many seasons partial to the plough,
Now cheweth caviare for the General ?
Why wheeleth he no more as once he wheeled
At Polo with his peers ?
Nor standeth now upon Newmarket Heath,
His lonely last gold bit between his teeth,
Ready to lay it on some galléd jade,
As frequently he laid
Against the field
In other years ?

Why shunneth he the crystal Cam, and why
At Fenner's faileth he to lubricate
His lusty limbs, as when of late
He waxed exceeding proud
To know that none with smarter hand or eye
Could heave the hammer well among the crowd ?
Why at the sticks doth he no longer soar,
Barking at every flight his livid shin,
Or at the distance jump take in
A cubit's length or more ?
Why should he skulk, as runs the ancient rune
How that a certain Proctor,* who defied
The wary wielders of the Wooden Spoon,
Played in a privy cupboard hide-and-seek,
For fear his bib, no paler than his cheek,
Should be the death of him in Barnwell's tide ?

* Nameless, of St. John's College. The famous victory was won in 1882.

x

OF THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTH

O SARPE MECUM TEMPUS IN ULTIMUM

O THOU, with whom so oft at 12.15

I've spoiled the porter's beauty-sleep (or later),
Thrice welcome, welcome back, whitewashed
and clean,

To Alma Mater !

Sole witness of my break of forty-nine !

How well we made the drowsy hours to jig,
All drenched with frequent sodas at the sign
Of the Blue Pig !

With thee I shared the Fifth, that final rag,
And lost ingloriously my tattered gown,
What time my forehead bit a paving-flag
In Sturton Town.

Me blessed Mercury, shaped like a hansom,
Bore through a sultry atmosphere of brick ;
For thee, O thee, another kind of ransom
Was waiting, Dick !

Chased into Andrew Street's absorbing gutter,
Thou by the Proctor's pack wast fairly baited,
Haled to that hardy sportsman on a shutter
And rusticated.

So welcome back from rural contemplations !
And here's a health to those that bring thee
back !

The Dons !—we'll pour a Lethe of libations
In Miller's sack !

Pass round the loving cup ! a long, strong pull !
Unguents are off and wreaths are run to seed ;
Instead about our lips shall curl the full
And fragrant weed.

What choice for dissipation ? Dick, old man,
At this auspicious hour 'tis thine to choose ;
Loo ? then to-night we'll linger longer than
At former Loos !

OF MIDDLE-AGE IN MOTLEY

INTERMISSA VENUS DIU

YOUR card to hand the other day ;
 In terms concise but gracious
 The intermitted song, you say,
 Is due from your Horatius ;
 O spare me, please ; old Time of late
 Has played the filibuster ;
 I feel as one whose glass of fate
 Has shed another lustre.

Though age and anguish, I'll allow,
 Have not impaired my dinner,
 The locks upon my ardent brow
 Perceptibly grow thinner ;
 And there's a younger, smarter race
 A-blowin' and a-growin'

Should ply the pen and push the pace
To keep the type a-flowin'.

Yet was there one of riper age
Who bore from Cambridge portals
The sacred flame of persiflage
To London's palsied mortals ;
Full well they know, who know the Ropes,*
His form of ample tether,
Prometheus of a hundred tropes
Bound in Morocco leather.

A fallen Don, a rising Star,
I fancy how he faces
Those nymphs with their conducting Carr,
And puts 'em through their paces ;
I see him prompt, with lips aghast,
That somersaulting fairy,

* Mr. A. R. Ropes (Adrian Ross), late Fellow of King's and author of *Morocco Bound*, *Go-Bang*, &c., will perhaps kindly pardon these allusions.

Letitia,* as she gives his last

Carmen Peculiare.

Perchance himself he beats the floor

In Old Aunt-Salian fashion,

Till half the supers in the corps

Go Bang with lyric passion ;

Yes, Sir, his genius is such

That you should interview it,

And find by what inspired touch

He manages to do it.

Strange effort of the lecture-desk !

That turns a College Fellow

Into a Ross-ius of burlesque

When getting nicely mellow ;

Exceptions prove the rule, no doubt,

Of rhymes with age abating ;

I haven't time to work it out,

Because the printer's waiting.

* Miss Letty Lind.

XII

OF EVERGREEN SIRENS

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS TE PUER IN ROSA?

WHAT slender stripling in his primal year,
His lip bedewed with "Tricholina,"
Amid your flower-pots with alluring leer
Woos you, Georgina?

Across the counter leans his blazered arms,
And, plying you with laboured sallies
Of amorous wit, around your waning charms
Heavily dallies?

Who bids you bind your bun, I want to know,
As once, my ever-verdant mignon,
For my sweet sake some thirty years ago
You bound your chignon,

Simply mendacious in its artful dye,
 All golden as the daffodilly
 To which you pinned my swelling chest, while I
 Looked really silly ?

Alas ! poor boy, he has a lot to learn
 Outside the Little-Go prospectus,
 Things that will give him quite a nasty turn
 In Love's *Delectus* ;

Who fancies, never having known a doubt,
 Your hair is naturally yellow ;
 Nor dreams you ever cared a bit about
 Another fellow.

For me, of course, I've had my little fling,
 And been lovesick on many an ocean,
 And cease to feel about this kind of thing
 The least emotion.

And yet a touch of nature marks me kin
To him, that budding young apprentice ;
Besides, it's possibly my son that's *in*
Loco parentis.

XIII

OF NAVAL ADVENTURE

SIC TE DIVA POTENS CYPRI

So may the Cambridge favours of their knights
Eight several Venuses inform with grace ;
So may my Julia's brethren, shining lights,
Have sense enough to drive me to the race ;
So may we win the fatal toss and take
Whichever side—one never knows—is best ;
So may the wind blow nicely in our wake,
And catch the other coxswain in the chest.
O Crew! please to land to the good at the goal ;
My fortune deserves a reviver ;
So save and increase the one-half of my sole
And exceptional fiver !

Of triple girth and most robustious ease

His waistcoat was who first essayed to pop
His tubby ark upon the turbid seas—

Noë, and braved the headlong Aethiop
That wrestled darkly with the rising tide,
And cursed aloud the race of Shem and
Ham ;

And pretty bold was he who first, dry-eyed,
Furrowed the swart bacilli of the Cam.
O vainly has Providence fettered its flow,
And Man shot the drains of the town in,
If people *will* paddle on stuff that is no
Good to drink or to drown in !

Into what vetos men will rudely rush
(The Local Liquor Bill was one of these) ;
Our impious barks invade, without a blush,
The virgin solitude of Polar Seas ;
We filch from under Jove's offended eye
His lightning-currents for our motor-cars ;

And leap the negligible bounds of space
To spy upon the privacy of Mars.
With the moon at full quarter we enter our
quads
By an open ascent of the palings,
So little we reckon of the wrath of the gods,
Or a Dean and his railings !

XIV

OF FATUOUS BLOODS

NON EBUR NEQUE AUREUM

NEITHER cup nor pewter pot
Stands on mantel-piece of Mine ;
Frankly, too, I haven't got
Any bladed beam of pine
Lashed along My chamber wall,
For I never rowed at all.

Never rowed or ran or did
Anything that makes you warm ;
Jumped or kicked or shot or slid,
Or careered in any form ;
Bloods are seldom very fat,
And I thank the Lord for that.

People in a College boat

Row till they are beastly raw,
All to wear a coloured coat,
All to sport a fancy straw ;
Black-and-white simplicity,
This is good enough for Me.

Photographs are all My rage,

And they make a pleasant sight ;
All the beauties of the stage
Dressed in something nice and light ;
Though I never yet have been
In My life behind the scene.

And of heroes of the ring

I have got a tidy set ;
Suffolk Chickens on the Wing,
And the Carolina Pet ;
Though I never sought admission
To this kind of exhibition.

Horace at Cambridge

Then, again, about degrees—

I have passed the Little-Go ;
For the rest I take My ease ;

Cannot really, don't you know,
Chew the academic cud
When I chance to be a Blood.

Others struggle and perspire,

We do nothing but exist ;
Tantalus with vain desire
Tackled higher flights and missed ;
Now he's posted in the flood,
Thirsting to become a Blood.

Day is on the heels of day,

And the waxing moon'll wane ;
June comes tripping after May,
And they go the round again ;
Burst yourselves, you'll never be
Anything but *bourgeoisie*.

Now I come to look at My
Logic, I could wish it better ;
But the fact is this, that I
Copied Horace to the letter ;
He has got a pretty wit,
And I thought I'd follow it.

But the argument is thus
(Since I'm getting rather mixed),
That between the rest and Us
There's a gulf securely fixed :
Every tinker to his trade ;
Bloods were born and never made.

Even Orcus, under earth,
Won't be altogether blind
To the notion of our worth,
And I fancy we shall find
Layers of infernal mud
Drained expressly for the Blood.

OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF LETTERS

ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO

I HATE your vulgar modern breeds,
 New Woman, prig and poetaster,
 Your *fin-de-race* that never reads
 A page of any ancient Master.

Where are they now, those brave and stout
 World-old and weather-beaten skippers?
 Their wassail-bowl is going out;
 Absinthe's the stuff for infant nippers.

Maybe one writer's little mess
 Is more suggestive than another's;
 One painter's *chic* a shadow less
 Purely preposterous than his brother's;

Precocity, that knows no law,
 Binds them in books—a weary medley ;
All advertising, cheek by jaw ;
 And the result is very deadly.

Some fancies by a hanging sword,
 Some by a risky pen are tickled ;
The appetite of these is bored,
 They take their garlic highly pickled.

While others, sick of seasoning,
 And spicy literary diet,
Will seldom taste the latest thing,
 And absolutely never buy it.

Some even miss with mild regret
 The age of Smiles and Martin Tupper,
Ere Curiosity had set
 Her straddling legs across the crupper.

“ Why change,” say they, “ our Sabine food

For mullet murdered in the ditches?

Why barter modest maidenhood

For rampant women’s borrowed breeches ? ”

OF MODERATE AMBITION

SUNT QUOS CURRICULO PULVEREM OLYMPICUM

THERE are whose lives would fairly hum
If they might gather gold in some
Olympian curriculum

To rival " Venice " ;

Another lot, by fortune led,
The fervid wheel, the black and red,
Will break the bank or lose their head,
Like good St. Denis.

The merchant, timorous of whales,
Vicariously woos the gales,
With Argus-eye for magic sales
Of cornered cotton ;

While some, untutored to be poor,
Pursue a claim for precious ore
In regions of the martial Boer,
And find it rotten.

Give *me* a music-hall career,
The green-room's chaste and pleasant cheer,
And, say, three thousand pounds a year
To touch as salary ;
Content with little, be it mine,
As lyrist in the comic line,
A star among the stars to shine,
And " knock " the gallery !

XVII

OF MAKING HAY IN SUNSHINE

TU NE QUAESIERIS

SEEK not, dear boy, to overstrain
The intellect for this exam. ;
Nor gauge amiss the gastric pain
That comes of undigested cram ;
Nor ask the heathenish Chaldee
For tips in pure theology.

Far happier he who doesn't mind
One little blow about the fray ;
Who, if the foeman prove unkind,
Gently, but firmly, runs away ;
Who puts his money in the slot,
And comes and takes another shot.

Be wise and fill the flowing can ;
 Strain off the fatal pips, and wash
The dust of work away with an
 Alleviating lemon-squash ;
There's something very nice, I think,
About an effervescent drink.

Eschew the heated lecture-hall ;
 Drive by its door and pay no heed
To Cranmer on his pedestal*
 Or holy Pearson on the Creed ;
Blow up the horn ! blow, while you may ;
And, so to put it, pluck the day.

Come, pluck the day (I never knew
 How people set about the thing) ;
Come, brush aside the early dew,
 And have your matutinal fling ;
Time wears a forelock on his brow ;
You'd better take him by it now.

* Outside the Divinity Schools.

Trust not the morrow, lest it turn

Traitor and trump your cherished hope ;

Youth flies (I'd give a lot to learn

Who first conceived that trenchant trope) ;

This blessed hour my urgent rhyme

Is half a week behind the time.

XVIII

OF THE NECESSITY OF GOING DOWN

EHEU FUGACES POSTUME POSTUME

I HINTED in my postumous, or last,
Ode that the flight of years is never-ending ;
I find it is a state of things that's past
Serious mending ;

The more I think of it, the more I feel
One cannot do much better than repeat it ;
The Truth is always fresh, and takes a deal
Of talk to beat it.

Behold, you may detect a shiny spot
Where through my hair the pericranium
twinkles ;
I, too, observe upon *your* brow a lot
Of seamy wrinkles,

Signs of the crammer's art. For you and me

The hour is come to join the dear departed ;
To phrase it frankly, it is time that we
Already started.

All flesh eventually takes to grass,

Browsing on Stygian plains, or else they row to
Those blessed islands which the better class
Of niggers go to.

Not though you worked your eyes completely
red,

Thomas, and raised an astigmatic blister ;
Not though you met the Dean point-blank and
said

She was your sister ;

Not though you gave a yearly butt of rum

To flush the Fellows' Combination table,
Or penned a treatise lithe and long as some
Atlantic cable,

66 Horace at Cambridge

Could you escape to go where went the late
Apostles,* apt to sweeten, apt to light us,
Profusely punting down the desperate
Pool of Cocytus.

Which is to say that we must e'en go down,
With dignity, of course, not cut and run it ;
You'll find a heap of decent men in town
Who've been and done it.

So shall you leave your rooms, your bills, your
buxom
Bedder, yea, all on which the fancy dotes,
Reaping no harvest save, by cursed luck, some
Crop of wild oats.

A better man than you, a nobler flier,
The pavement of your court shall rudely stain,
Playing at Heidsieck on a higher, drier,
Plan of Champagne.

* Offspring of that literary society, founded about 1820,
which at one time included Tennyson, Hallam, Milnes, and
Alford among its members.

XIX

OF THE AUTHOR'S TENDENCY TO BECOME
A BIRD

NON USITATA NEC TENUI FERAR
PENNA

IN singular and supple plumes
Adapted to aërial transit
Your trusty bard, Horatius, blooms
Superbly and prepares to chance it

Across illimitable space
Where worlds beneath are looking thinnish,
Where Envy cannot keep the pace
And Calumny neglects the finish.

Already on my turgid calf
I feel the feathers fresh and fluffy ;
My massive shoulder-blades are half
Besmothered by a sort of puffy

Excrescence where the wings fit on
They tell me the effect is pretty ;
And like the evanescent swan
I must oblige you with a ditty,

If not my first, at least my last,
In this particular connexion ;
And sicklied over with the cast
Of pale and moribund reflexion.

But think not, *Granta*, dear, that I,
Your poor but strictly honest poet,
Am in a likely way to die !
Not altogether, if I know it !

O'er the round earth—and I surmise
The earth is virtually spheric—
Where bales of British merchandise
Are landed by the playful derrick ;

Wherever war and whisky-stills
On missionary tracks have followed ;
Where Lloyd's is read, or Beecham's pills
Enthusiastically swallowed ;

Where lynchers regularly make
Mincemeat of niggers in Ohio,
Or where the Matabele break
The Chartered bank at Buluwayo ;

There shall the *Granta's* pages prove
A source of high illumination ;
And there my arduous odes shall move
The native mind to desperation.

Bound possibly in simple boards,
Perhaps in rather costly vellum,
I fancy how those heathen hordes
Would give their very scalps to spell 'em !

Then weep me not when I am fled
On pinions like a common fairy ;
Besides, when all is done and said,
The thing is merely temporary ;

Inane it were to celebrate
My vacuous urn with rosy posies ;
Rather await an up-to-date
Example of metempsychosis.

THE DIRGE OF THE AMATEUR MAENAD *

After the 'Indian Maid's Lament' in *Endymion*

BENEATH my parasol by Camus' side
I sat a-reading ; in the whole world wide
There was no one to tell me what to read ;
 And I agreed
How passing sweet it was to be so slack
 In the Long Vac.

And as I sat, from somewhere up by Caius
There came a sound of revel on the breeze,
As when the maddened Maenads all are out
 With Bacchus and his rout ;

* Being a reminiscence of the University Extension
Summer Meeting held in Cambridge in the Long Vacation
of 1893.

And scarce the axle-boxes of my knees
Had spun a furrow's length or thereabout,
When round the corner Mr. Berry* shot
Up with his little lot.

Like to a waving field of corn they came,
Matron and maid, and faces all aflame,
A sight to rudely scare, if any can,
A solemn honours-man;
O then, O then, I say it to my shame,
My thoughts were very, very far from thee,
Thou "Academical Sobriety,"
And in a moment, lost to name and fame,
I, I, a two-year-old Girtonian,
Had joined the Summer Plan.

Berry, beside his ivied staff of men,
I saw engirt with women, as a hen
With her appealing brood ;

* At that time Secretary of the Cambridge Extension.

Dirge of the Amateur Maenad 73

There was a listening air in their regard
As if from drinking information hard,
 More really than was good ;
And there I saw the Cambridge-Yankee blend,
A trifle lifted up among their peers,
Boasting Typhoeus-like how they " extend "
 Over two hemispheres.

" Whence come ye, lady trippers, whence come
 ye,
So many and so many on the spree ?
Why have ye left the provinces forlorn
 This blessed August morn ? "
" We follow Berry, Berry, on the fling
 A-lecturing ;
Before, behind, about him still we plod,
Fair or foul weather, thorough Hall or Quad ;
Come hither, lady-undergrad, and greet
 Our great Extension Meet."

“ Whence come ye, master trippers, whence
come ye,

So many and so many on the spree ?

Forgetting Margate sands and Yarmouth pier,

And all her bloaters sere ? ”

“ For Culture, Culture, have we waived the sea,

For Culture have exchanged the gay Marine

For King’s-parade ;

For Culture (Mr. Berry’s) have we come ;

Lord ! only hear its universal hum !

So hither, lady-undergrad, and greet

Our great Extension Meet.”

Pencil in pouch, and syllabus in hand,

Hugging selected Poets of the land,

Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, all but Thomas Hood

And Byron (more’s the pity),

They caught the local colour where they could ;

And members of the feminine committee

Dirge of the Amateur Maenad 75

To native grace an added charm would bring
Of light blue ribbons, not of abstinence,

But bearing just this sense—

“ Enquire within on any mortal thing ! ”

Deserting afternoon half-tasted teas
For some Staff Officer on Pericles,
Treading where Dons will hardly dare to
tread,

Sucking like any amorous Matine bee
Eclectic sweets of fair Philosophy,

We fluttered and we fed ;

Whatso the theme, it mattered not one bit,
Scott or Sordello, Pheidias or Pitt,
Whether “ Great Women ” or the “ Great Ice
Age,”

Parkyn on Darwin, Fenton upon drugs,
Or Kimmins upon fertilising bugs,

Chanced to adorn the stage.

Anon to church with high impartial zeal,
Or where (his turn to deal)
Harris, the Levantine, uplifts the cry—
“Latest edition from Mt. Sinai!”
From dawn of light unto the stretch of shade,
Barring, when lunch is done,
Picnics to Ely, boats to Bottisham,
Or trips upon the circulating tram,
Or the accustomed Senate House parade
From half-past twelve to one.

Ah! sacred Temple, what a sight I saw!
That shrine upon whose steps inviolate
No mortal shoots the nimble knuckle-taw,
Until he pass the pupillary state,—
Nor any such upon its floor may be
Save when he gets, or goes for, a degree—
Here now the vagrant gossip moves, and here
The tables of the money-changers stand;

Dirge of the Amateur Maenad 77

The syllabus is bought at second-hand ;
The placard, terse and clear,
Proclaims alarums and excursions, so
That he who runs may read the thing and know
Where he has got to go.

And in the latter half, about the throne,
Silent, select, but not so popular,
The seeming-earnest readers sit alone
(No smoking is allowed abaft the bar) ;
Nor have I mentioned yet the *Poste Restante* ;
Yea, nothing that the lettered mind can want,
Excepting liquors, if it must be said,
But here was given gratis—or else sold ;
Such sacrilege might well have waked the cold
Non-placets of the dead.

I saw Oxonian Isis, in the shape
Of Sadler,* bow the head ;

* At that time Secretary of the Oxford Extension.

Acknowledging his own official tape
Was not so fine a red ;
I saw Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P.,
Veiling in modest mood
His professorial profundity
To deal in platitude ;
Verrall I saw lay down his caustic pen
And, mildly critical,
Deign to make popular remarks on men
And things in general.

I saw the great McTaggart,* pale and proud,
Vainly declaim (before a hearty crowd)
Of such as cut their names on Learning's seat,
And marred her chaste retreat ;
I saw when in satyric vein rose Wedd,
Champion of " literary Mænads " he,

* A motion was brought forward at the Union dis-
approving of the intrusion of Extension Students within
the precincts of the University.

Dirge of the Amateur Maenad 79

And lightly launched the modern Orpheus' head
Down Camus to the sea.

All this I tasted and some other things,
Like Gosse and Vernon Lee,
And ices underneath the elms of King's
Or Milton's mulberry-tree ;
And now I feel within the after-pain,
And here's October with the term again.

OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH*

AIR—The Battle of the Baltic

OF the Battle of the Blues
Sing a really martial strain,
When in parti-coloured hues
Arméd ladies took the plain
(With a fig for Mrs. G. and her fads !)
All in caps and dainty shirts
And emancipated skirts,
And, as one report asserts,
Ankle-pads.

Maids from Lady Margaret Hall,
Graces too from Girton went,

* Wimbledon Club ground, March 14, 1894.

Newnham's nymphs obeyed the call,
Somerville her sirens sent,
In the middle of a March afternoon.
Hardy men were on the scene,
Though their fate might well have been
Like Actæon's with the Queen
Of the moon.

Then the usual copper bit
Was with difficulty spun,
And they looked extremely fit
When the battle was begun,
As the whistle piped the start like a linnet ;
“ On the ball ! ” the captain saith,
And the backs are grim as death,
And the lot are out of breath
In a minute.

Heart of oak, they meet and clash,
Passing here and tackling there,

And the sticks of sturdy ash
 Fairly bristle in the air,
And the partisans remark, " Played, my dear ! "
 Till a rather nasty knock
 Caused a universal shock,
And the men that came to mock
 Shed a tear.

Now the triumvirginate
 Who interpreted the rules
Were inclined to arbitrate
 In the manner of the schools,
And invited any plea or suggestion ;
 Saying, " What are we to do ?
 Ladies, we appeal to you ;
 Will you kindly give your view
 Of the question ? "

And at length an Oxford wing,
 Fleeter than the young opossum,

Getting nicely in the ring

Nearly made her weapon blossom

As she sent a purler pop through the posts ;

Then the temporary rout

Brought the smelling-bottles out,

And the Cantabs lay about,

Pale as ghosts.

But they rallied on the spot

With the most superb results ;

Three to one the goals they shot

Like to living catapults,

Ending, victors, in the arms of their friends !

Then, my masters, sigh not so,

Let the Sports and Boat-race go,

Since your Ladies' gallant show

Makes amends !

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

“Wait till you come to forty year !”

I

AMONG the haunts of sage and saint,
Where I was wont to wear the gown
And honestly attempt to paint
The town,

I greet again the gracious hall
That nurtured me when I began
To be what one is pleased to call
A man.

And now I move at “forty year”
More pensively than once of yore,
And quite a lot of things appear
A bore.

The jaunts and japes of long ago,
That pleased me then, no longer please,
In part because I tend to grow
Obese.

Which thing affronts the Freshman who
Regards it as the cream of crimes
To be at all posterior to
The times.

And when I pass him, flushed and keen,
Light-hearted, sound of limb and lung,
I feel I never *could* have been
So young.

The spotless tie, the spangled vest,
A chrysalis that bursts the shell !—
I had forgotten that he dressed
So well !

But if my taste resembled his,
But now assumes a sober tone,
The fault indubitably is
My own.

* * * * *

Along the towing-path I strolled ;
The situation seemed the same,
And every one was at the old,
Old game.

I passed a little sporting knot
That held in leash the mongrel cur ;
I saw that things were fairly what
They were.

I stood to watch a waiting boat ;
The coach was cursing No. 3 ;
The fellow had the face to quote
From *me* !

Full hoary when I made them mine,
 These wrinkles, trusty, tried and true—
He ran them out as something fine
 And new !

He wore with all the old aplomb
 His rude extensions ; nay I found
They ended even farther from
 The ground.

The captains roamed the river-side ;
 I wondered, seeing how they sat,—
“Great Nimrod ! did we really ride
 Like *that* ?”

A raucous beast assailed my eye ;
 “ I know that horse,” I said, “ it comes
From—” well, I recognised it by
 Its gums.

The same whose ribs were like to swords,
Who, when I tossed my men a tip,
Would turn his tufted tail towards
The ship !

Anon by Barnwell's oozy bed
I sniffed the old familiar stench ;
"*Toujours le même vieux jeu !*" I said
(In French).

All this was beautiful and right,
Long since accepted, long approved ;
And yet I own it left ~~me~~ quite
Unmoved.

Perhaps my case was pretty much
His sorry case of whom they sing,
Tithonus, deadly out of touch
With Spring.

For age is apt to loose the link
 Of chains that early manhood tied,
And cause a kind of mental kink
 Inside.

I could, if necessary, spin
 A column on this hallowed text ;
I hope to add a trifle in
 My next.

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

II

THUS musing (see my last) I left the bank
That curbs the eager current of the Cam
This myth of Alma Mater seemed a blank
And hollow sham.

I lit a large cigar, a thing I do
Unconsciously when feeling desolate ;
Unconsciously I reached and sauntered through
My College gate.*

My course was theoretically barred
By that profound and venerable joke,
I mean the printed notice with regard
To dogs and smoke.

* No particular college is here suggested.

I entered ; as I trod the verdant plot
 An Apparition came within my ken ;
My Tutor, I had always said, was not
 As other men.

I felt the old effect of being foiled,
 Of having no resource except to go ;
In fact, by force of habit I recoiled
 A yard or so.

He wrought around me some forgotten spell ;
 I doffed my weed and hat for fear of him ;
The ash unfortunately broke and fell
 Upon the brim.

“ I find that you ”—he spoke and slightly
 bowed—
 “ Are guilty of a complicated tort ;
No dogs ” (I hadn’t any) “ are allowed
 Within the court,

“ Nor smoking. Vulgar passage we permit
Exclusively upon the paving-stones ;
All persons who—why, bless me, surely it
Is Mr. Jones ?

“ Nay, no apologies ! Our private right
We fence from public usufruct, that’s all !
You’re looking well ; you dine, I hope, to-night
With us in Hall ? ”

I clinched the proposition hard. Indeed
It seemed a boon beyond the common share
To sit above the salt and calmly feed
On Fellows’ fare.

I found them, frankly, quite a decent set ;
They touched upon the scandals of the
town,
And even now and then exchanged a bet
Of half-a-crown.

Below me, from my elevated seat,
 Maintaining there a perfect equipoise,
I watched the rising generation eat
 And make a noise.

On yonder lowly bench I once had sat,
 Had laved in tepid soup my beardless lips,
And furiously fulminated at
 The jaded gyps.

I thought of him, long gathered to the past,
 Whose voice would break upon my
 tympanum—
“More beef, Sir?”—with a strong and steady
 blast
 Of fog and rum.

All this was over. At my dexter hand
 The stately College butler deigned to pour
Dry academic sherry, vintage brand
 Of '64.

94 Horace at Cambridge

We mounted to the Combination Room ;
 It seemed to me a very nice resort ;
And there we lingered late to cull the bloom
 Of peerless port.

And in the glow that follows goodly cheer
 I learned that if you meet the proper lot
You find the 'Varsity at "forty year "
 A pleasant spot.

And so I tossed to-morrow to the wind,
 Along with gout and "*hydrops, gryps* and
 pons";
And said, "Fate cannot touch me; I have
 dined
 To-day with Dons!"

QUIS PRO DOMINA ?

WHENSO I view the reverend halls
Where once I sat imbibing lore,
I find the Undergraduate palls,
The Don is ever more and more.

This younger race—how young they grow!—
Excites a sense of new and strange ;
My sober tastes have learnt to flow
Towards the men that never change.

To them I take my kindly way,
Assume with them the silken gown ;
I bring the breath of outer day,
I tell them tales of London town.

96 Horace at Cambridge

Hedged in their happy hermitage
 Aloof from extra-mural strife,
How should they guess what thoughts engage
 The World and her he calls his Wife?

But late they seemed not as before ;
 The peace of other days was dead ;
With difficulty they forebore
 To hit each other on the head.

Colleagues whose lives were long akin,
 Who knew no severance of soul,
Now scorned to dip their napkins in
 The same refulgent finger-bowl.

Was it the tide of party hate
 Had tossed them on its flow and ebb ?
O no ! they all reposed their fate
 Implicitly in Mr. Jebb.

Was it the vogue of Turk or Greek?

Not so! on those unworldly ears

The sound of War fell faint and weak

Like echoes of crusading years.

The feud that sundered man from man

Was more inveterate than these;

It was, in fact, no other than

The crux of feminine degrees.

Some scented that insidious ruse

Known as the thin end of the wedge;

"We stand," they said, "in dancing-shoes

Upon the giddy, beetling ledge;

Far down the abyss our eagle eye

Beholds a woman throned as Vice;

That dreadful way Queen-Proctors lie,

And such a thing would not be nice!"

But one—an artist—hoped to win
 With silent pleas too fair to fail ;
He sketched a hood of rabbit-skin
 Beneath the virgin marriage-veil.

Another spoke of woman's worth :
 What gift, what Senatorial grace,
What sounding title on this earth
 Could adequately meet the case ?

It took a woman's tact to jog
 The infant Don upon her knee ;
Nay, but for her, the pedagogue
 Would be without a pedigree.

Again, you find her praises writ
 In history ; one might refer
To Sappho or the mother's grit
 That made the Gracchi what they were.

In peace they mostly caused remark,
 But some were famed for feats of war ;
 Sans-Gêne, he thought, or Joan of Arc
 Might well have been a Bachelor.

Silver and gold, the dower of brides,
 He did not venture to suggest ;
 It were an insult, and besides
 We hadn't any in the chest.

But what we had, they ought to get,
 And we to give them, frank and free,
 And so discharge our awful debt,
 Taking, of course, the usual fee.

Yet others held that women's ways
 Destroyed our academic tone ;
 The sisterhood should really raise
 A seat of learning all their own ;

'Twixt Cam and Isis, where the two
Sets of Professors might alight ;
A very perfect spot they knew,
And Bletchley Junction was the site.

And so they bandied *pro* and *con*,
And sorely did the question vex
That gallantry that stamps the Don
In soft relations with the sex.

For when a woman's lips propose,
If man refuse the fateful ' Yes,'
What then will follow ? Heaven knows ;
I cannot say ; I dare not guess.

L'ENVOI.

Good Senate ! *placeat* what you please ;
Mistress of Hearts she yet remains ;
Grant her or not your dull *degrees*,
In *kind* above us still she reigns.

May 4th, 1897.



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